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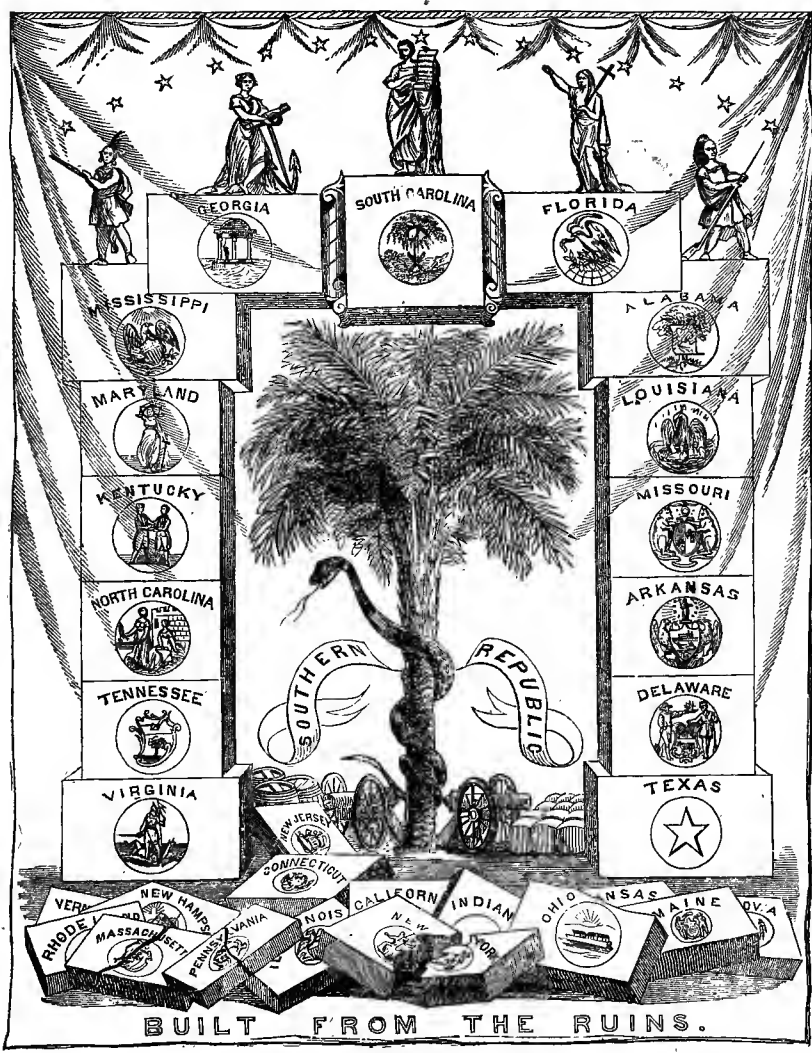


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THE HOUSE THAT JEFF BUILT



BUILT FROM THE RUINS.

BANNER OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

See next page

NEW YORK:
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
 Nos. 119 and 121 NASSAU STREET.

NOTE.

THE engraving on the title-page is a correct representation of the banner suspended behind the Speaker's chair, at the South Carolina Secession Convention. The engraving, and the following description, are copied by permission from LOSSING'S "HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR," Vol. I. :—

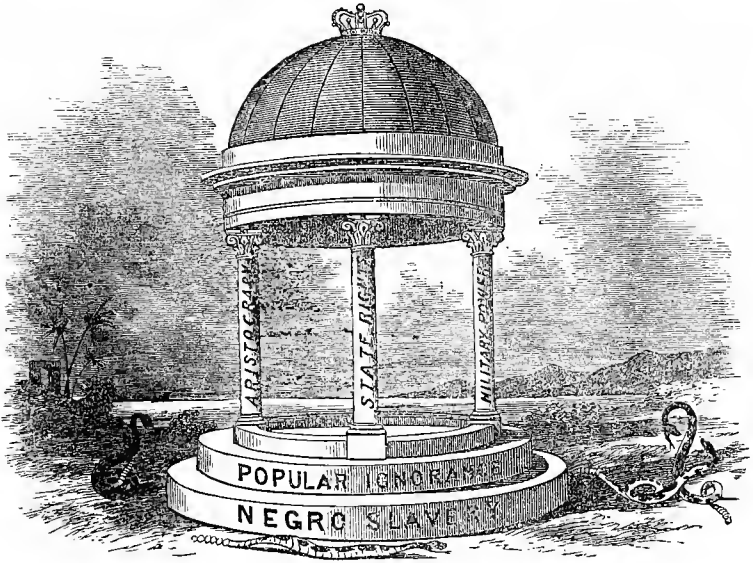
This banner was composed of cotton cloth, with devices painted in water-colors by a Charleston artist named Alexander. The base of the design is a mass of broken and disordered blocks of stone, on each of which are the name and arms of a free-labor State, NEW YORK being in the foreground, and entirely broken. Rising from this mass are seen two columns of perfect and symmetrical blocks of stone, connected by an arch of the same material, on each of which, fifteen in number, are seen the name and coat of arms of a slave-labor State. South Carolina forms the key-stone of the arch on which stands Powers' statue of Calhoun leaning upon the trunk of a Palmetto tree, and displaying to spectators a scroll on which are the words, "Truth, Justice and the Constitution." On one side of Calhoun is an allegorical figure of *Faith*, and on the other side, *Hope*. Beyond each of these is the figure of a North American Indian armed with a rifle. In the space formed by the two columns and the arch is the device on the seal and flag of South Carolina, namely, a Palmetto tree, with a rattle-snake coiled around its trunk, and at its base a park of cannon and some emblems of the State commerce. On a scroll fluttering from the body of the tree are the words, "Southern Republic." Over the whole design, on the segment of a circle, are fifteen stars, the then number of slave-labor States. Underneath all, in large letters are the words,

BUILT FROM THE RUINS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by

JOHN J. REED,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.



THIS IS THE

HOUSE THAT JEFF BUILT.



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THIS IS

THE WEALTH

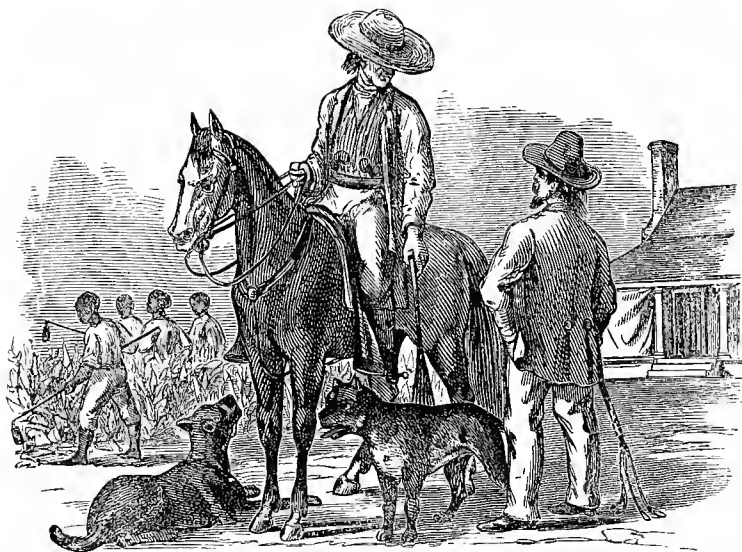
That lay in the house that Jeff built.



THESE ARE

THE SLAVES

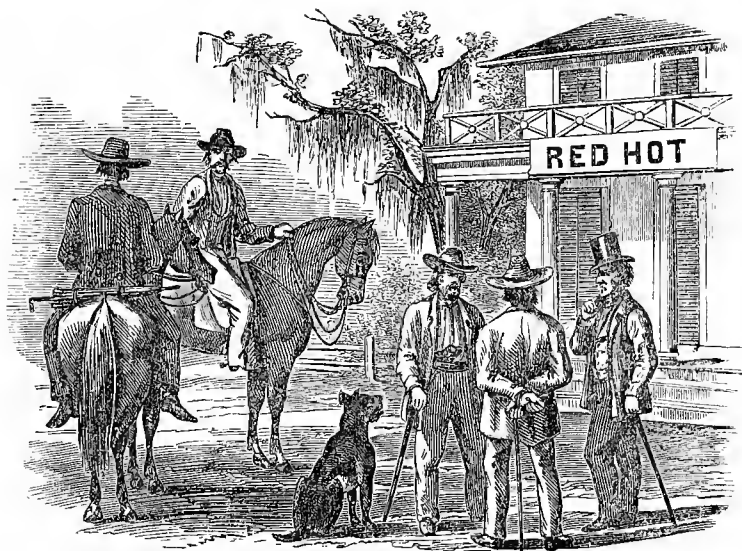
who toiled in their pains,
And wondered if Freedom would sever their chains;
Who suffered in patience, while hope was the star
That guided them on in the vision afar;
And through the long night of their lingering gloom,
By millions they toiled till they went to the tomb ;
But angels of mercy that stooped from the skies,
Their prayers had recorded, their tears and their cries,
And in the full time of redemption they came,
With message of hope, with heart all aflame,
 To ransom the lowly
 Who toiled in their pains
 To gather the wealth
That lay in the house that Jeff built.



THESE ARE

THE DRIVERS

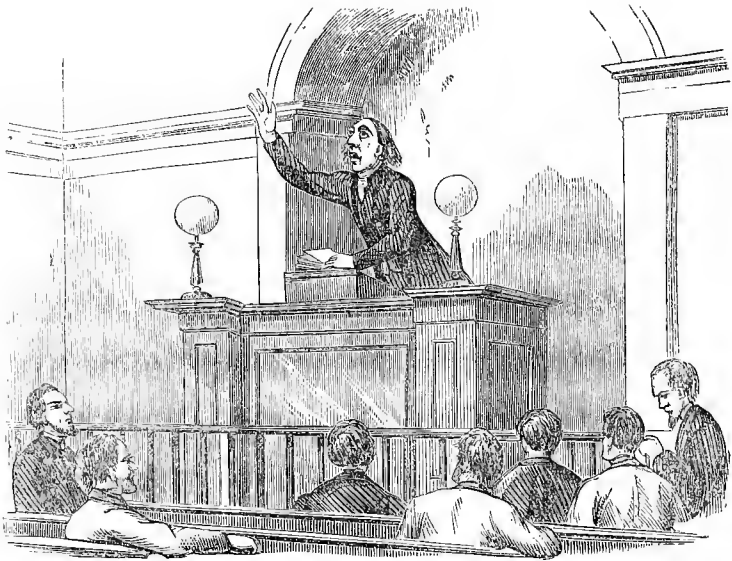
who went to the field,
With bitter oppression their service to yield,
By laying on burdens, and forcing the sweat
From the brow of the slave, till the furrow was wet ;
Or drawing the blood from the sufferer's veins
With the lash and the thong, in agony-pains,
And there seemed not an arm to rescue or save,
Till the land was appalled with the cry of the slave,
 Who toiled on in pain
 To gather the wealth
That lay in the house that Jeff built.



THESE ARE

THE MASTERS,

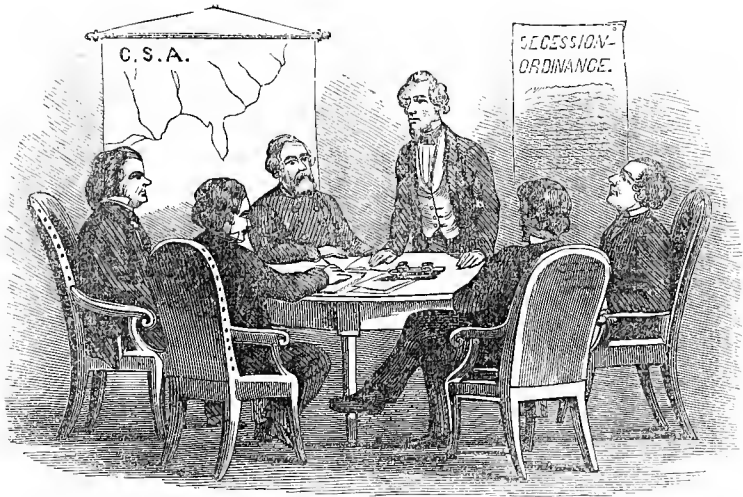
the chivalry proud,
Who talked of their birth, with an eloquence loud,
And wielded the lash with a masterly grace
As they spurned from their soil the "vile Yankee race."
They talked of "Democracy" only to cheat,
And bring all the "mud-sills" like slaves to their feet ;
Or, furnished with bludgeon or pistol at hand,
In senate halls walked as if "born to command!"
They talked "Constitution," but watched for the day
When treason, they thought, could sweep it away,
And in the new empire of whips and of chains,
 They could send out the drivers,
 Who went to the field
 To burden the slaves
 Who gathered the wealth
That lay in the house that Jeff built.



THESE ARE

THE CLERGY

of learning profound,
Who taught the Old Gospel to them that were bound ;
“ Be obedient, ye servants, and bear well the yoke,”
Are words apostolic they earnestly spoke ;
And then to their masters, the law to define,
They taught the *New Gospel*—“ Your slavery’s divine !”
And then with the law and the Gospel they steeled
The conscience of masters, who gratefully kneeled,
 But sent out the drivers
 Who went to the field
 To burden the slaves
 That gathered the wealth
That lay in the house that Jeff built.



THESE ARE

THE TRAITORS

grave senators all,
Who sat in their seats and made out the call,
To rally around them the men that would spring
To treason's vile ranks, and fill up the ring
Of counsellors bold who would welcome the day
When war and rebellion should have their full play ;
And red, bloody hands should tear down the old flag
To hoist in its place a pitiful rag,
Which should float o'er a land where the slave with a groan,
Should lie crushed to earth as its chief "corner-stone ;"
And the clergy should preach the new Gospel divine,
And the masters should talk of the system benign,
 While they sent out the drivers
 Who went to the field
 To burden the slaves
 That gathered the wealth
That lay in the house that Jeff built.

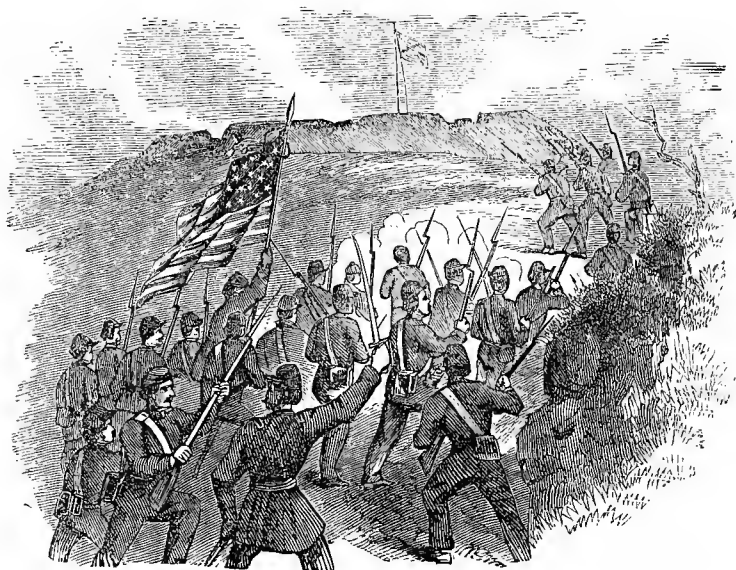


THIS IS

THE TYRANT

who sat on his throne,

And cried to the Yankees, "Do let us alone!"
"The Northern hyenas," he said in his speech,
"Shall all be destroyed if they come in our reach."
And with vigorous hand he drafted the men,
From the boy in his teens to three-score and ten.
The mother he robbed of the lad at her side,
And snatched the loved youth away from his bride;
And he opened Belle Isle, and the Libby Hotel,
And Andersonville, too, the out-post of hell.
The cotton he stole, or ordered it burned,
And treasury notes to gold he then turned,
And cried to the imps who were warming the pitch,
"Now fight till we die, and fill up the last ditch;"
And smiled at the circle of traitors around,
Who bowed to the clergy of learning profound,
 Who preached to the masters
 Who sent out the drivers
 To burden the slaves
 That gathered the wealth
That lay in the house that Jeff built.



THESE ARE

THE HEROES

that rushed to the cry

Of the Union they loved, to preserve it or die ;
And they marched to the front, with a vow and a song
They rolled to the breezes while marching along.
On battle-fields gory they fought for the flag,
On river and ocean they conquered the rag;
And in deeds that shall live in the pages of story,
They conquered the foes who would tarnish their glory,
And saved the dear land by the blood that was shed,
And the tears that were rained on the graves of the dead,
And the prayers that were heard, that the tyrant might fall,
Who sat on his throne and his minions did call ;
Who bowed to the clergy of learning profound,
 Who preached to the masters
 Who sent out the drivers
 To burden the slaves
 That gathered the wealth
That lay in the house that Jeff built.



THIS IS

THE FATHER

who sat in his chair,
And oft bowed his head with the burden of care,
With a calm, tender eye, and a quick-bending ear,
The plaint of the lowly and stricken to hear ;
Like a rock standing firm in his duty to *God*,
He struck off the chains from the victims that trod
On the soil of the free, by our WASHINGTON'S grave,
And uttered the watchword of joy to the slave.
Yet when the black treason had grounded its arms,
And peace had allayed all the nation's alarms,
It struck the IMMORTAL, the GENTLE, and GOOD,
The father that taught us the broad BROTHERHOOD ;
And he lay down to die, ere the heroes went by,
(As they wept bitter tears,) who had rushed to the cry,
And conquered the tyrant who sat on his throne,
And called round the traitors, who bowed to the clergy

Who preached to the masters
Who sent out the drivers
Who went to the field
To burden the slaves
That gathered the wealth
That lay in the house that Jeff built.



THESE ARE

THE RUINS

all dreary and dark,
Sad cheerless and gloomy, deserted and stark;
With temples dismantled, and cities consumed,
With whips and with shackles, and chains all entombed ;
The shattered foundation is shivered for aye,
And crushed all the shafts of oppression now lie ;
The hopes of the tyrants on both sides the sea,
That hated the name of the land of the free,
Were buried in ashes that lay round the tomb,
Where the mark C. S. A. was discerned in the gloom,
And the black man *free*, as he said "DONE GONE!"
Laid flowers the Blue Coats' graves upon :
For the Boy in Blue he had often led,
Where the blood-hounds tracked, as he onward sped
In his last despair, from the prison-bars,
With his soul lit up by the northern stars ;

He wept as he prayed for the Father good,
Who taught to the nation the broad brotherhood,
And lay down to die ere the heroes went by,
(As they wept bitter tears,) who had rushed to the cry,
And conquered the tyrant, who sat on his throne,
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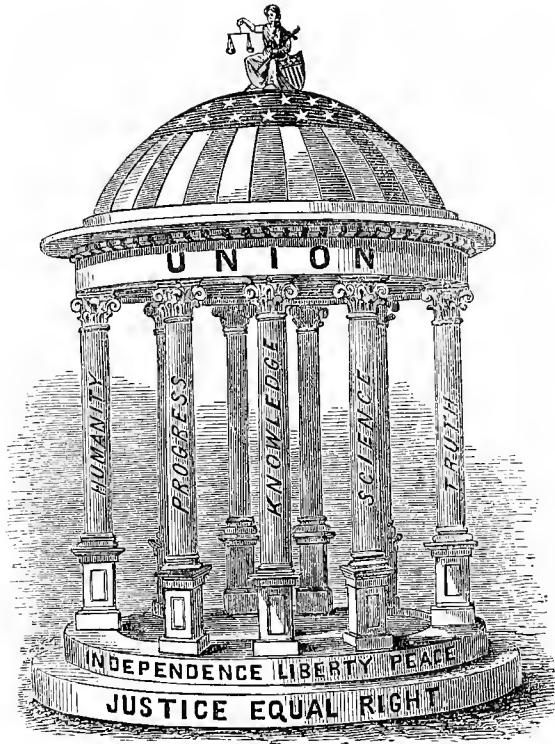
THIS IS

THE TANNER

as good as the best,

Who rushed to the rally far out in the West ;
" I'll go if the Governor will give me a job,
I'd like the raw hides of Floyd, Davis, or Cobb !"
So off to Cairo, and Donelson, too,
And a chore here and there he would readily do ;
Till at last on his tramp down to Vicksburg he went,
And bowing to Pemberton, staked out his tent,
(Who after a while, hauling down the vile rag,
Looked up once again to the old starry flag) ;
Then looking around for more rebels to tan,
He thought he would cross the bold Rapidan ;
" *Surrender uncon.*, is this message of mine,
You do as you please, I FIGHT ON THIS LINE."
And he fought till he met the bold rebel LEE,
Who gave up his sword at the famed apple-tree.

Then he wrote—"Father Abraham! my work is 'most done,
For Lee has surrendered, and victory 's won."
And he sighed o'er the ruins so dreary and dark,
As he wrote to the Father so gentle and good,
Who lay down to die, ere the heroes went by,
(As they wept bitter tears,) who had rushed to the cry,
And conquered the tyrant who sat on his throne,
And called round the traitors, who bowed to the clergy
 Who preached to the masters
 Who sent out the drivers
 Who went to the field
 To burden the slaves
 That gathered the wealth
That lay in the house that Jeff built.



THIS IS

THE TEMPLE

in glorious light,

Whose corner-stone, Justice, Equality, Right,
 Shall rise in the sunshine of Peace for the Free,
 As the songs shall roll on from mountain to sea ;
 With GRANT in the chair, at the head of the State,
 With counsellors wise, pure, lofty and great,
 And the dear BOYS IN BLUE standing well on their guard
 For the nation they saved, who their toil will reward ;
 And the people as one, from the East to the West,
 From the North to the South, shall joy in their rest ;
 And Freedom shall waft to the ends of the world,
 In the sweetest of tones, where the flag is unfurled,
 The welcome to millions wherever they be,
 To share in the bliss of the LAND OF THE FREE.

